Moon-ſhine:

OR THE

RESTAURATION

OF

JEWS-TRUMPS

AND

BAGPIPES.

Being an Anſwer to Dr. *R. Wild's* Letter &c. and his *Poetica Licentia*, &c.

Cynthius aurem vellit. Eph. 5. 4.

LONDON,

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AN

ANSVVER

TO

Dr Wild's

LETTER,

&c.

Doctor,

Ith as many faces, and as much pain as ever tooth was drawn, I made ſhift a while ago to wade through a moſt vile and dirty *pamphlet* of yours with this Title: *A Letter from Dr.* Robert Wild *upon occaſion of his Majeſties Declaration for Liberty of Conſcience, together with his* Poetica Licentia,

&c. Which *pamphlet* I found all the way pretending to moſt extraordinary joy and thanks; but of ſuch a witleſs and ſlovenly kind, that could his *Majeſty* have poſſibly imagined that his Clemency could have been ſo ſaucily abuſed, and his kindneſs ſo naſtily and *Sirreverentially* received, moſt certainly *Robert* had been as particularly excepted from the benefit of the *Declaration* as *Hugh* and ſome others were, from the *Act of Oblivion*. And my buſineſs, Dr. at preſent is only to acquaint you, that though *Poetica Licentia* jingles very prettily with *Liberty of Conſcience*, yet that *Poetica* is never Latin for *Conſcience*, nor *Licentia* for any ſuch *ill manners* as you at large ſhew, both in your *Letter* and *Poem*. And that I may in your own ſtile convey my meaning the eaſier into your belly, I am to tell you, that when you went about to confound the one with the other, you were as abſolutely miſtaken, as he that took a *gliſter pipe* for a *flageolet*, or the *inteſtinum rectum* for the *great artery*.

And in the firſt place I obſerve, that before

before you ſignifie your receiving the news of the *Declaration*, you would fain delude the *friend* you write to, into a fit of laughter; by the mere dull jeſt of telling him that *you are a merry fellow*. For when you go about to tickle him up to a belief of it, with ſuch deadly old and ſmall provocations as of *hanging your harp upon the Willows and ſinging* lachrymæ, *in ſtead of the ſongs of* Sion; *of laughing at a feather, eſpecially*, O eſpecially *if it be upon a fools cap*; *of being as merry as the old ſect of Crickets, though after a baking*, yea verily though after a baking; *or as the chimney men themſelves, who are a new ſect of Crickets*, at ſome certain times of the year; nay, though for the better diſguiſe you ſplit an ancient abuſe, and call the *Biſhop* of *Briſtol*, *Cock* in one line, and *comb* in another; yet I durſt boldly ſay that if your *friend* has but the leaſt ſhare of wit, or any ſenſe of conſcience, he can no more laugh at ſuch overworn and tatter'd ſtuff, than if he ſhould find his houſe all in flames, and his Wife and Children hung up in ſeniority.

And as thou ſetteſt forth with ſuch a niggardlineſs of wit, that it is great impudence in thee to preſume, that the moſt eaſy of thy *Non-conforming friends* ſhould ſmile at it: ſo thou as ſaucily proceedeſt, comparing the grave and ſolemn *Muſick* of our *Church*, to a *whiſtle*, *bagpipe* and *jewſ-trump*. Which, if thou hadſt done with wit anſwerable to its inſolence, much time and long repentance might perhaps have brought thee off: but to ſay that *the whiſtling of a bodies-maker is every whit as good and elevating as a* Salisbury *Anthem*, and that *a bag-pipe does far excel the Organ at* Hackney, and to give no better reaſon but only that thy *ſowſes* are not made of *ſilk*, is ſo very rude and unpardonable, that ſeeing thou wert not *excepted*, thou doſt now deſerve to be *excommunicated* out of the *Toleration* it ſelf. For let us a little conſider, Doctor; is there not an *Organ* in the *Kings* Chappel, as well as at *Hackney*? and are not *Anthems* ſung there, as well as at *Salisbury*? and has not his *Majeſty* told thee in his *Declaration*, that

'tis

'tis his expreſs reſolution and intention that the *Church* of *England* be preſerv'd in its *Doctrine*, *Diſcipline* and *Government*: and whoever preaches *ſeditiouſly* or to the *derogation* thereof, muſt expect ſeverely to be puniſhed? Suppoſe ſuch a thing as this ſhould be objected to thee: I am confident thou haſt nothing in the world to ſay, but only what thou would'ſt have impoſ'd upon thy *friend* in the beginning, *viz.* That *Robin* is a *merry fellow*, an abſolute *Cricket*, a meer *wagg*, a *droole* and a moſt accurate ſplitter of a *prelatical Coxcomb*. But, thou that pretendeſt to daunce on the *high rope*, to ſoar aloft, and clip Clouds, thou muſt not cheat thy ſelf and think that ſuch *crawling humours* as theſe will excuſe thy rudeneſs. For although his *Majeſty* of tenderneſs and compaſſion to ſuch *weakly ſubjects* as thy ſelf, has graciouſly condeſcended, that anſwerably to your ſtile and matter, you ſhould be indulged either the liberty of a pair of *tongs*, to play you to perch upon a *Plum-tree*, and from thence to diſtribute; or to be ſqueak'd up

the Hay-loft with a *comb* and *paper*, and there to float and ſpread it over a *beame*; yet I ſuppoſe he never did deſign to give over the *Muſicians* of his *Chappel*, either to *Dutch* or *Devil*, in compliance with thy elegant advice from the two D's, nor to ſend for thy *blind Piper*, *jews-trumper* or *neighbouring bodies-maker*, to whiſtle up his *Biſhops* and *Chaplains* when they preach before him: upon my word, **Dr. Robert Wild**, if one of you three will but read over the *Declaration*, you will find you are all moſt vilely miſtaken.

The ſmall feather'd and cricket-like *preface* being thus finiſhed, and the *Doctor* having made therewith no creature in the world merry, beſides himſelf: it is high time for him now to leave the *frying pan*, and the *four herrings*, and to attend the *Poſt-boy*, who blew his *Horn* and *Toleration*. But why in ſuch haſt, good *Doctor*? what, liſten to a *Horn* before the orthodox exerciſe of eating and drinking? eſpecially at an hour when the *maw ſtretches and yawns*, and makes humble requeſt for victuals?

ſtuals? how, ſo cruel as to forſake four penſive diſconſolate herrings; when your own conſcience flew on your face, and told you that they had lately been in very great diſtreſs, and in as ſad a *pickle* as the *Dutch* Fleet the week before? How ſo careleſs of your *family*, as to give over your *wife* and *maid* to the cruelty of four hiſſing ſputtering outragious *Herrings*? Suppoſe one of the ſtouteſt and diſcontented of them had made a *violent digreſſion* out of the *frying pan*, and ſtruck up your *maids* heels, and in your abſence had ſwallowed your *wife*, head, ſhoulders and all. (As the great *Pike* at *Boſco*, that on a ſudden ran away from the *Pound* and his *Keepers*, and in a trice devoured a whole flock of *Sheep*.) Suppoſe, I ſay, any ſuch calamity had happen'd in the *family* by your neglect: would it not have prick'd you ſorely to have left the houſe in ſuch tumult and diſorder? I, I, you, you are the men that have got the *Conſcience* of the whole *Nation*: that pretend to ſuch curioſity and neatneſs of *Conſcience*, and yet make nothing to leave

a poor

a poor helpless wife and but one maid to the fury and insolence of four dissatisfied and devouring *Herrings:* and only upon that quibling pretence, forsooth, that *you had other fish to fry.* Come come, *Doctor,* deceive not your self with such loose principles. You may pretend to as much tenderness of *Conscience* as you will; but I am afraid that if you had had four *Cormorants,* or four *Eagles* for dinner, the case would have been the same; for you would either have had other *Birds* to look after, or other *Fish to fry,* or some such *Conscience-palliating excuse.*

But I shall leave you to consider of this unanswerable neglect at your Leisure: and we'll go on, if you please, to the very *Declaration* it self. But before we read it, that our joy may be gradual and solemn; and that not the least expression of thanks and mirth may be wanting to so great an occasion, let us *droll, flash,* and be a little *phansiful* upon the very *paper* it self: which being *clipt* for the better lying in the *Letter,* affords four absolute new merry conceits.

First

First, the *Declaration* thus ſhorn is like a *Round-head*: the reaſon of that is plain becauſe of *Aquarius*. Secondly, 'tis like an *Amſterdam Divine*: that alſo is as plain becauſe of *Sagittarius*. Thirdly, 'tis like an *officiating Friar*; upon the accompt of the *Bulls right Eye*. Fourthly, 'tis unlike *clipping of money*; upon ſome other accompt.

Having thus bedabbl'd the outſide of the *Declaration* with four ſuch dewy delicate *phanſies*: now, Dr, we'll ſet on, and fall to reading. But not rudely and unſanctifyedly, but with that ſhort *ejaculation of* S. Paul, *S.* George *for* England. Or as one of the *Latins* renders it, *Cynthius aurem vellit*, *Epheſians* the 5th and the 4th And the *Grace* being ended, we venture now upon the *Title* of the *Book*. *His Majeſties Declaration to all his Loving Subjects, March* 15. 167½. "What, to all his Loving Sub-
"jects? this is joy indeed! However I am
"ſure his Majeſty means me in a moſt ſpeci-
"al manner: for I have a ſoul as white and
"ſpotleſs towards the *King*, as any Lawn in
"*England*; and I do and will love the *King*

" with any *Church-man* of them all, for a " thousand pounds. A *Prelatical* man love " the *King!* that's a frolick indeed. Where's " any one of them that in obedience to the " *Act of Uniformity*, presently laid down a " plump *Parsonage*, as I did, and suffered e- " ver since for his *Majesty*. And (if I may be " so bold) how came his *Majesty*, I pray, in- " to *England*? who was it that invited him " hither, and settl'd him in his *Throne*? did " not *George* and I do all that business? *He* " and his *forces* undertaking for the *prose* " *part* of his restauration: and I, with my " *Muses*, undertaking for the *Poetick*? I tell thee, Doctor, thou swaggerest much, what a loyal, white, spotless, *lawn-soul* thou hast towards his *Majesty*: but he that shall torture himself so much as to look over thy late *letter* and *poem*, will presently perceive so much of *coursenes*, *greasines* and *nastines*, that he'l think thy soul much more like that same *Prebyterian horse-cloth*, thou speakest of, than any *Lawn* or *Tiffany*.

The Title being thus dispatch'd, and the clemency of his *Majesty* being justly compared

red to that of *Cyrus* to the *Jews*, or *Conſtantine* to the oppreſſed *Chriſtians*, or as the welcome *Dove* to the water-beaten *Ark*: (as if the *Doctor* and two or three of his *Crickets* were the only people of *God*, and had beſpoaken all *Chriſtianity*, and taken up every inch of the *Ark*:) we go next to the date of the *Declaration*; which happening to be upon the fifteenth of *March*, ought to be moſt ſolemnly commemorated; partly by way of *panegyrick*, and partly by way of *wonderment*. In *panegyrick* thus: "O "thou fifteenth of *March!* be thou and the "four *ſalt herrings* for ever Chronicled and "extolled. It is a thouſand pitties that thou "art already engaged to be the fifteenth of "*March*; for if thou hadſt thy right and "due, thou doſt as certainly deſerve to be "the firſt day of *January*, as a quart of milk "is worth a penny. It is my requeſt and "wiſh that thou be acquainted with the "twenty ninth of *May*: and ſeeing thou art "decreed to be the fifteenth of *March*, be "thou however kind to the fifth of *Novem-*"*ber*: for five and ten make fifteen. But

"as for the twenty fourth of *August* and the "thirtieth of *January*, hold no correſpon- "dence with them; for upon the one I loſt "my living; and upon the other the *King* "his head: which by all the *people* of *God*, *good Chriſtians* and *Ark-holders* ought to be utterly forgotten. Now for *Wonderment*. "How! what, the fifteenth of *March* bring "forth ſuch news as this? can mercy, truth "and peace, long preaching and praying be "reſtored again in *March*? can ſuch hea- "venly and elevating *muſick* as *bagpipes* and "*whiſtles* and *jews-trumps* be brought home "to an unſetled Nation in the month of "*March*? can ſuch a big-bellied, Dutch-bel- "lied, blundering, blunderbuz *month* as "*March*, that feeds wholly upon *white peaſe* "*pottage* and *dumplings*, afford any ſuch bleſ- "ſing to the *Iſrael of God*? *Gray peaſe* in- "deed have ſomewhat of fatherlineſs, cle- "mency and compaſſion for a *diſtreſſed* "*Church* and a *perſecuted people*: but white "peaſe, back'd with perverſe, obſtinate, and "hard hearted *dumplings* —— ſurely it can- "not be! nor ever would have been, had it

not

not (as the *Doctor* well obſerves) ſo handſomely *jumped* with the *Jewiſh feaſt of Purim* on their fourteenth and fifteenth of *March*.

The *date* of the *Declaration* being thus ſufficiently wondered at: in the next place we proceed to the great benefits and advantages of this *Liberty of Conſcience*: which are of ſuch a kind, that neither *King* nor *Council* could poſſibly ever gheſs at, or hope for. For whereas his *Majeſty* expects nothing elſe, but that ſilly ſtubborn people may hereby perceive their folly and error, and in time be reduced to a ſober mind, and the *Church* of *England*: the *Doctor* holds forth, and declares that this ſame *Toleration* (if rightly underſtood) notwithſtanding it came out in the bluſtering Month of *March*, will have ſuch a vaſt influence and power over *Holland*, that all the *fiſh* now at *Amſterdam* (*excepting the ſmall fry*) will forthwith skip out of the water, and run all away to *London*: and that now, upon *Liberty of Conſcience*, 'twill be as common a thing to meet with *Carp*, *Pike*, *Tench*, and *Eel*

walking about the *streets*, as in the days of *Uniformity* to meet with a *Dog* or a *Porter*. But because this looks like too great an alteration on a sudden; therefore it is to be noted that by *Carp* we mean *soft and smooth-mouth'd Presbyterians*: by *Pike*, *bouncing and devouring Prelatists and Pluralists*: and by *Tench* and *Eel*, *muddy and slimy Opinionists*: and well we may: both because of the *feast* of *Purim*, and that the *Evening and the Morning were the fifth day*.

And now we are talking of *Ponds* and *Rivers*, of *Prelates*, *Presbyterians*, *Opinionists* and *Fish*: and there being a certain *River* here in *England* call'd *Trent*, affording only a small quibble (as small as the remaining *fry at Amsterdam*) it may be not amiss to observe, that of all waters the *Papists* delight most in *Trent*. For take a *Papist* and tye him head and heels together, and fling him with a good lusty stone about his neck into the *Thames* or any other *River*, besides *Trent*; and he presently sinks to the bottom, lies sullenly there, and will not feed nor fatten himself at all. But stroak him softly upon

upon the *back*, and put him gently into the *River Trent*, and he's as brisk and frolick as a mouſe in *June*, and in a very ſhort time proves as *fat* as *a Lamprey with nine eyes*. For, as the *Doctor* well obſerves, *a Papiſt is nothing elſe but a Lamprey with nine eyes*. For as *Rome* ſtanding upon ſeven hills was called *Septicollis*: ſo the *Papiſts* have juſt *nine eyes*, neither more nor leſs, and may be thence called *Lampreys*.

Thus far, Dr, you are very aery, ſmooth and delightful; but, in my opinion, towards the latter end of this Section, you are a little too deep and ſomewhat reſerv'd. Where you leave *frying* of *Fiſh*, and fall to telling the *Pope*, what a great loſs he had (upon the *Reformation*) of the *Engliſh Shambles*, *of the Engliſh Muttons* and *Engliſh Veals*: and of the *luſty chines of noble Fornicators*, which he us'd to torture, as ſeverely, as when they fell into the *cruel clutches of King Lues or Morbus Gallicus*. Now, Dr, that which I am horribly puzl'd at, is this ſame *King Lues*. For ſearching very carefully my *French Hiſtory*, I can hear no more news of

any

any *King Lues*, than of *King Scorbutus*, or *King Catarrhus*. If you had committed these same *Fornicationers* into the *clutches* of *King Pharamond*, *King Dagobert*, or *King Pippin*; I had almost understood you: for, I know, that any of those would have *claw'd* the rogues away: especially *King Pippin*, for a certain reason that I know: which I shall not now stand to tell you, but instead thereof tell you a short story out of one of your own *Classical Authors*.

There was a man in the *West*, who being to be tryed for his life, was asked by the *Recorder* his name; who answered *Spillman*. Say you so, quoth the *Recorder*, *Spillman*? 'twill go hard with you, upon my word, friend: for take away *S. P.* and what's your name then, *Sirrah*? E'en what your *Worship* please, quoth *Spillman*. Come, come, Sirrah, you are an old cunning *Rogue*: you have been of the trade, ever since you were *born*, and you know it well enough: for take away *S. P.* and 'tis *Illman*: and then *Sirrah*, *Sirrah*, put but *K* to it, and 'tis *Killman*. Take him away Jayloun, we need

no

no witneſſes in the caſe: he's a born *Rogue*, for his name has hang'd him.

'Tis good thus far; but what follows is much better and as *Claſſical*. A while after there came one to be tryed before the *Maior*, who having learn'd of the *Recorder*, how to hang in his abſence, asked the *fellow* his name; who anſwered *Wilſon*. How now, *Sirrah! Wilſon?* take away *S. P.* and then 'tis *Illman*, and put *K* to't and then 'tis *Killman*, away with him Jaylour.

And let thus much ſerve for *King Lues*. Now we go to the *Miniſter* of the *Doctor's Pariſh*: upon whom he has two admirable remarks. Firſt, his *Pariſhioners* don't *grunt* at him. And why? becauſe *he takes no Tythe-pigs*. Secondly, his *Church is conſtantly very full of Ears, becauſe his barn has none*. Admirably good indeed! have a care Dr. of going into the *Weſt*, for if the *Maior* meet you, he'll take away *S. P.* for your *wit* ſake. This is *Robin* the *Cricket*! this is the fruits of *Milk Pottage crumm'd thick, and eat hot*! oh how it *fluſhes the cheeks*, and makes the phanſie to glow again! Surely the *young*

Scholar that put that handsom abuse upon Mr. *Eaton*, had got a *flush* from some such *inspiring Soupe*: for he being at Mr. *Eaton's* house, where there was a *Goose* for *dinner*, Mr. *Eaton* asked him if he would not *eat* some goose. The *young Scholar* being a little *flush'd*, laid upon catch, till all was *eaten* and took away; then says he, I thank you for my good chear, good Mr. *Eaton*, for I perceive the goose is *Eaten*. This, Dr, as I well remember, happen'd in the reign of your *King Lues*, or immediately after.

And now Dr, I have very little more to say to your *Letter*; only *I* cannot but a little delight my self to see what great pains you take to excuse your self to your grave friend for being so *merry* and *witty*. Whereas *I'll* undertake to fetch an ordinary *Waterman*, and the *Rogue* shall not be assisted at all with any extraordinary *flush*; who (setting aside your *Lachrymæ*, *ad usum Sarum*, and two or three such *Latin* smallnesses) shall void as many passing and lusty jests between *Temple-stairs* and *Westminster* as are to be found in your whole *Letter*: and *I'll* not

not ſo much as except the *Herrrings tail hanging out of your wifes mouth.* Neither, Dr, muſt you hope to be pardon'd for over-charging ſuch a very ſmall meaſure of wit, with ſuch a vaſt proportion of rudeneſs and arrogance; by ſaying that you were infected by reading a late *Dialogue* againſt Mr. *Hobbs*. For what if a young conceited *coxcomb* ſhall be ſo pert and confident as to try to invent any thing againſt Mr. *Hobbs* after ſo many grave and learned *confutations* of him: or be ſo idle and pragmatical as *to crack a few lice upon his head*, make a few trivial jeſts about his *ſtaff*, & moſt philoſophically confute his *Boots*: can't you ſee ſuch a *Jackanapes on horſe-back*, but preſently you muſt call for a *pillion* and get up behind him; or rather take a freſh *Hobby-horſe* (that now is a kind of a *King Lues* or a *Robiniſm*) and ride his *Jackanapeſhip* quite out of ſight? Truly, Dr, although *all the world* (as you ſay) *is ſo very big with jeſt*, yet this won't at all ſerve your turn, neither muſt you ever expect to ſee your intolerable dullneſs excus'd, by ſaying that *we Nonconformiſts*

don't go to plays, and therefore we can't match their cocks. For there is a very *worthy person* that frequents *Plays* no more than thy self; whose *Friendly Debates* thou takeſt thy common rudeneſs to compare to the *ſputtering of Fiſh*, or the ſcolding at *Billingſgate*: whereas 'tis known to all the world, that the ſame learned *Author* has given more proof of *ſence* and *wit* in any ſix lines of his *writings*, than thy *punning abilities* will ever give thee lieve ſo much as to underſtand thy whole life.

And ſo farwell, *Doctor*, as to thy *proſe*. Now for *Poetica Licentia!* now for *liberty* of *Conſcience* in *Rhime*! now ſtand by *gout* and *ſence*, wit and good manners: and let the *Doctor and his Muſe Mopſa* have a bruſh at *pro* and *con*. Now ſtretch forth thy ſelf my dear one, and be thou tranſported above all the pedantick Laws of *Poetry* and *Modeſty*. Don't ſneak now, and like a *Conformiſt*, utter things that are mean and deſpicable: but ſpeak fire and lightning, fury and raptures, and let the firſt mount be within a ſpit and a

ſtride

ſtride of the *Moon*. Thou knoweſt, my *Girl*, that thou haſt been clip'd and ſhortned; thou haſt been in bonds and fetters, ſince that accurſ'd *twenty fourth* of *Auguſt*. But the *fifteenth* of *March* is now come, my pretty witty *ſlut*: *Liberty* of *Conſcience* is now come: *Poetica Licentia* is come: and the *joy* is great, the *King* is great, and the *Bible* (*by Grandſire* Hierarchy's *leave*) is now again great. And therefore *pluck out the half herring out of thy mouth* forthwith, and call together all the *flowers* and *phanſies*, *puns*, and *quibbles*, and *clinches* in to thy aſſiſtance.

M. Truly, Dr, this *cup* of his *Majeſties* favour is ſo ſtrong and heady that I can't at preſent find my *feet*; and to go about to make *Verſes* without *feet*, is next unto going to *Foot-ball* with ones *Shoulders*.

Dr. Away, away, with ſuch *Uniformity*-excuſes: for ſeeing there's *Liberty* of *Conſcience*, if thou haſt no *Feet*, then fly, my *Girl*, I ſay fly into ſome loftineſs and mightineſs of *Gratulation*.

M. *We would make Boneſires, Sir, but that we fear*
Name of Incendiaries we may hear.

Dr. That's most admirably said my dainty *Mouze*, let *King Lues* with all his Corneilles, Scuderys, and the rest of his *morbify'd* wits produce such a distich: 'tis short, clean and smart. *Bonefires* and *Incendiaries*; *Powder* and *Peace*; *Treason* and *Glory. Amen.* And now, my *fine Wench*, for one strain more: let it be seasonable and brisk and gripe the *Church men* for their *tooting Organs* and *ting-tang Preaching*.

M. *We would have Musick too, but 'twill not do,*
For all the Fidlers are Conformists too.

I pray, Dr, now let me say a word or two to your *Muse:* and you shall come in again by and by. Have the *Conformists* taken up all the *Musick* and *Fidles*, my Dear? I am sorry that thou shouldst be so disappointed: for if thou hadst sent to me, I could have furnish'd thee with great variety: either with grave slow-pac'd *Nonconforming Pavins*, concerning *flowing-gushing-full with self-emptiness*: or with *Sarabrand* of *glittering* and

and *glaring glories*: or with *querpo-friſcado*, *jigs* of jeſts and jingles. And indeed, *Muſe*, thou oughteſt to take it very ill, that the *Doctor* himſelf was ſo unkind as not to offer thee out of his own rich treaſure. For he could have ſhown thee a certain *Letter*, which he writ upon the great fright and confuſion that his *Books* were in, upon the receiving of Dr. *Reynold's Works* into his *ſtudy*: where in my opinion he does far *out-fiddle* the very famous *Sweed* himſelf. For *Juſtin Martyr*, *he feared he ſhould again be a Martyr*; *Tertullian began to make Apologies*; *S. Auſtin Retractations*; *and poor devout Bede got into a corner and fell to his Beeds.* Jee Bald! Then for the *School-men*, *they all look'd like School-boys*: the *Fathers* having before look'd all like *Children*. And *Aquinas himſelf wiſh'd with all his heart he had not had ſuch Sums to reckon for*; *and Dr. Preſton's All-ſufficiency pleaded Inſufficiency.* And which I had like to have forgotten, *Cambden's Britannia ran quite away into the further parts of Germany*, *and was never heard of to this very day.* And I don't at all queſtion, but that let the Doctor have

have but his *common flush*; and his hand is every whit as good at a *Sermon*, as 'tis at a *Letter*. And now, I prethee go on, Muse; for *I* perceive by thy *lip* that thou hast one strain of *Gratulation* still left.

M. *Nor can we Ring, the angry Churchman swears,*
By the Kings leave the Bells and Ropes are theirs.
And let them take them. Yet our Tongues shall sing
Your Honour louder than their Clappers Ring.

Now, Dr; *I* desire to speak one word or so to your self: beseeching you out of all love, that you would take off, and tye up your *Muse*; for most certainly, if she goes on thus, *I* shall either bepiss my self or go to the *Groom* of the *Robe*: for she flags so horribly and grows so deadly dull and jadish, that she is e'en forc'd to steal from *our own self*. For with *Bells* and *Changes*, with *Ringing* and *Clappers*, with *Seeeples* and

Ropes

Ropes you brought in his *Majesty* in your *Iter Boreale*. And now with the very same *instruments* you *congratulate* the *Toleration*. And besides all this, about 40 years agon, (as you may find it in a most faithful *Historian*) there was one *John Hall* who, being both a *Cap-maker* and a *Sexton*, *died* and *lived again* with just the very same sort of *phansie*. He died thus.

Here lies John Hall *the University-capper*:
Who lived by the Bell and died by the Clapper.

And being cruelly mad, that he should be so bespatter'd after his *death*; he starts up again, after this manner.

John Hall *lives still*,
And lives in hope;
That he shall live by the Bell,
And you shall die by the Rope.

But if after all this, your Muse has any

thing new, I pray ſpeak to her, and let's have it.

Dr. What doſt think, *Muſe*, of his *Majeſties Declaration* being a *Trojane Mare* with *foal* of *Popery*? Thou knoweſt 'tis but a little way from *Rome* to *Troy*; and if the *Pope* ſhould break paſture----Beſides, t'other day, I over-heard the *Gridiron moſt horribly grumbling at the Frying-pan.*

M. *As for the Popes Supremacy, alack!*
'Tis but the Bunch upon the Camels back.
The Lions skin can't hide the Aſſes
Luggs;
We ſtamp Popes Faces on our bearded
Juggs;
And make no more confuting Bellarmine,
Than taking off the luſty Ale or Wine.

Dr. This Muſe of mine is both the moſt waggiſh, and moſt argumentative Slut, that I ever met withall in my whole life. Six ſuch keen and compacted lines as theſe, ſhall moſt effectually keep out the *Pope*; when he ſhall make nothing to leap over a thouſand dull

pages of your learned *Chillingsworths*, *grave Stillingfleets*, and *Tillotsons*. For most plain it is, and most demonstrative, that so long as the *Pope* continues to be a *Camel*, he can never with his *Supremacy-bunch* get into the low and narrow gate of *Reformation*. In like manner so long as we keep to our *Bibles*, and neglect not to paint *Popes faces*, plentifully and largely upon our *bearded juggs*; the *Pope* will be hang'd a thousand times over, before ever he'll come hither, to see himself so apparently vilified and affronted. Nay, if he were just now about landing, and any body were but there in readiness to hoise up against him, one of the best sort of these *bearded juggs*; he would presently turn tail, and run roaring home to *Rome*, as if you had a design to get away his *Maidenhead*. And in the last place, so long as we be careful to keep *Ale* or *Wine* in the *Kingdom*; and have spirit and valour enough to send for a vast *pitcher*, and say thereunto, oh thou *Dragon*, *Bell* or *Bellarmine*, be thou for ever confounded and as utterly *run down*, as this drink *runs down* my throat, so long I

ſay as this care be taken, it will be impoſſible for any of the *Defenders* of the *Church* of *Rome*, ever to ſpread their *Doctrine* in this nation.

And therefore as to this, my Muſe, thou art certainly in the right. But what doſt think of their *Images* and *Muſick*; of their *Pixes* and *Fixes*, and ſuch fine tempting things.

We all know Popes-head Alley trades in Toyes,
Our Merchants come not thither, but our Boys.

Dr. Moſt *Divine* and *Politick*! O *Lachrymæ*, O *Miſerere*! O the dullneſs and ſtupidity of *Prelates* and *Church-men*, that ſhould go about to ſuſpect the increaſe of *Popery*, and not ſtudy to underſtand the concern and intrigue of *Popes-head Alley*! Ye *Brethren* and *Siſters*, and all that have *Bibles*: keep but the *Roman Noſes to the grindſtone of your Bibles*, and examine your own Conſciences, and the *Hiſtory* and traffique of *Popes-head Alley*, and if ever *Clement* or any

other *Pope* get footing in *England*, I'l give him, and all his *ſucceſſors* leave to *kiſs*——

But doſt hear me once more, my *girl*; there are ſome parlous acute men among them; and without doubt they'l now take all occarion to *write*.

Then I'l *ſh*---- againſt them.

The other day into a place I went,
Where Mortals uſe to go that want a vent;
There by the mouth of Purgatory hole,
Where many groan and their hard caſe condole:
Saul Creſſy's *ſacred legend I did find,*
One leafe whereof gave eaſe by breaking wind,
And wip'd Aſperſions from Rome *behind.*
Rare man (cry'd I) worthy to be no leſs,
Than Groome o'th' ſtool unto his Holineſs.

Dr. A moſt eaſie and compendious way of withſtanding, confuting and ſuppreſſing *Popery!* For the *Pope* himſelf, he's to be *faced down*: *Bellarmine* to be *drunk down*: and *Creſſy* to be *wip'd down*. And therefore I ſay.

I say once again, (and I wish it would enter into the hearts of all cowardly and jealous *Church-men*) that if his *Majesty* will be pleased not to confine me to *set forms* and *fashions*, but still to allow me the free use of my whole *Bible*; and that *Costive Saturn* does not seise upon my *fundament*, and bung up those *hindmost faculties*, if ever *Popery* get one inch further into *England*, let not *Officious Robin* ever go to *stool* again.

But now, Dr, if I were sure that thy *Muse* had *wip'd* her tail, and that she would not *bedung* me; I would venture to come a little closer to thee, and ask thee. Dost thou think when his *Majesty* was pleased to suspend the *execution* of penal *laws* upon such *offenders* as thy self, that he did then *indulge* such *simplicity*, such *rudeness* and *slovenliness* as thine? dost think that he intended therein to encourage such *boyish*, *barbers*, *high-way* jests as *Bonfires* and *Incendiaries*, *Musick* and *Fidlers*, *bells* and *ropes*; as *cups* of *Roman wormwood*, *Trojane Mares*, *Pope-fac'd juggs*, *Popes-head Alley* and the like? such *nasty*, *Kitching*,

Kennel

Kennel phanſies as *Clements Podex*, *Purgatory hole*, *Aſperſions from* Rome *behind*, *and Groom of the cloſe ſtool?* I prethee, *Robin*, by what *figure*, or (to ſpeak in thy own ſtile) by what *Conſtellation*, didſt thou take out an O that ſhould have been in the *Rome behind*, and two lines after, put it into the *cloſe ſtool?* didſt thou do it by *Aquarius* or *Sagittarius?* It is pitty that beſides the *Groom* of the *Robe* or *Stole*, that there were not ſuch a *preferment*, as *little children* think there is, that thy *Muſe Mopſa* might have the *Ell* of *Holland* to make clean her *naſty mouth*. But to go on, *Doctor*; ſuppoſe thy *Doctorſhip* had ſo much *childiſhneſs*, as to think it witty, to call the *Papiſts Hobgoblings*, *Hobby-horſes*, *Huntingdon Sturgeons*, *&c.* and to tell the world they need not be afraid of *Popery*; for there being a *Capitol* at *Rome*, the *Papiſts* are but meer *gagling Ganders*: and if ſome of them by great ſtudy ſhould improve themſelves into *Geeſe*, yet thoſe *Geeſe* could never *prove Swans*: I ſay, ſuppoſe thy Doctorſhip was thus weak; what hadſt thou done with thy *Bible*

ble and *Divinity*, when thou ſendeſt them to *wreſtle* a *fall* with *Tiburn*, *for the price of thy cow* (which phanſie, I know as well as can be, thou hadſt from the fellow that dwells at the corner of *Hide-Park*) and when thou wiſheſt them beſide, *all head-long crucifyed*? Nay, I'll ſuppoſe further, that this alſo was only *trickiſh* and *frolickſome*: but then I would earneſtly know, Dr, where was thy *good manners* and *modeſty*; where was the *loyalty*, *whiteneſs*, and *lawneſs* of thy ſoul, when thou commendeſt alſo the *Biſhops* and *Reverend Clergy* of his *Majeſties Church* to the *Gallows*: (for he is no Fanatick, nor ever intends to be one, as he tells thee in his Declaration) when thou calleſt our *Curates Loggerheads*, and the generality of our *Prieſts*, *Fidlers*, *Jackdaws*, *Sots* and *Judas*'s: when thou telleſt them that *they wet themſelves too much between meals*, *to fear any* Smithfield *perſecution*; and that *they are good for nothing but to drink up the Wine and the Milk*; *and to take the beaſt of* Rome *by the Tail*: (is this a frolick too?) but, that it is you, and ſuch as you, that live

wholly

wholly upon *Scripture*, and *Rock water ten times diſtill'd*, who are to *feed* and *watch*, to *dig* & *preach*, and to *aſſail Antichriſt*, & *take him by the Horns*. Yes, yes, we may gheſs, Dr, what an *Aſſailant* thou art likely to be, and what a dreadful *Horn-taker*! it is five to one, if thou ſhouldſt meet that ſame *beaſt* in a narrow lane, but that thou wouldſt either *untruſs* at him, or bid *King Lues* and the *Devil* take him, or elſe threaten to ſpeak to thy *Bodies-maker*, to *whiſtle* for *Sagittarius* to come away and *ſhoot* him; as he lately did *Durham* and *Glocester*. A moſt ſad cauſe indeed, Dr! that *wit* ſhould be ſo extraordinary low with thee, that thou ſhouldſt be able to deviſe nothing elſe to reproach the beſt *Church* in the *world*, than to abuſe a couple of its *Learned* and *Reverend Prelates* for that common abſurdity of dying at fourſcore years of age.

I might, *Doctor*, had *I* patience, take notice alſo that as thy *ſcurrility* it ſelf is ſo weak and languid, that a very *Cock-ſparrow* if offended would *briſtle* up and *defy* thee: ſo thy *Encomiums* and *good words* are ſo a-

bominably mean and tedious, that one had better live ten fathom under ground, than be known, and so vilely quibbl'd on. Thus after a most *doggrel prayer* for the *Duke* of *Lauderdale*'s good journey into *Scotland* (which, had he gone by *Sea*, was almost *doggrel* enough to have cast him away) O thou dost not question but the *Scots* will find his *Grace*, *and his blew ribband*, *true blew*. My *Lord Clifford's soul is to be as white as his staff*: The *Chancelour of the Exchequer's word is to go for currant money*: and the *Duke of Buckingham is to keep the saddle*, because of the *Horse*. Now *I* professe, in my opinion, *Doctor*, it would almost tempt a man, neither to have *name*, nor *office*, *money* nor *clothes*; neither to do well, nor intend well, rather than be obnoxious to such a lewd and ill-favour'd *commender*.

And now, *Doctor*, *I* have to desire of you, that you would not put your self to so much trouble, as to endeavour, to excuse the meanness of what you have lately written; either by saying that since the days of *prosperous Presbytery* you wanted a *glass of wine*

after

after Dinner, or that you were out of *humour*, or that your *parts* are much ſhatter'd with theſe ten laſt years *perſecution*: but rather that *you* and *your friends* would ſubmit to the *common report* and *opinion*; and believe that you never had any, nor poſſibly ever can have any *wit* at all; notwithſtanding you have a whole *book* full of *printed poems*, and that there can ſcarce be a *bull-baiting*, but you begin preſently to *muſter*: *I* ſay (notwithſtanding all this great readineſs to *rhime*) before we parted, *I* thought fit plainly to acquaint you, that he that ſhall either look into the *hiſtory* of your *life* (which is very near ready for the *preſs*) or into the *Hiſtory* of your *Poetry*, (which alſo will be ſhortly out) will eaſily perceive that your *wit* is not at all waſted by *gout*, *old age*, *tribulation for Conſcience ſake*, or the like; but that you never had any in your *whole life*, neither did any body ever think ſo, but ſuch as ran the hazzard of printing your *doggrels*. And therefore I deſire *Doctor*, you would conſider that it is not a ſufficient ſtock for a *Poet*, to ſet up only with the *Latin names* of the *days* of the *week*, and

of 3 or 4 of the *famous Nine*: and to be able to call to one and say, here *Melp*, creep you into the shoe-hole and lye close there; till t'other *Girl* goes to *Breda* and fetch over the *King*: but there's *good learning*, *good judgement*, *good converse*, and *good manners* too requir'd; which, all the world know, you never took care of any further, than to be acquainted with the meer *Titles* of *Books*, and to make *Tertullian* to *Apologize*, *Origen to Allegorize*, *Chrysosthom to Homilize*, and the like. Nor ever hadst thou *wit* sufficient to venture into any *company*, for which thou mightest be the better: but only to get into some *Farrier's* or some *soft yielding Gentleman's* house, and there to *quibble* over the *birth* or *death* of some *child*. And as for thy acquaintance with *Cleaveland* (of which thou art so very proud, that thou canst scarce meet a *boy* in the street, but thou runnest him up in a *corner*, and givest him the *witty adventures* of it) I understood his humour as well, as if I had *held upon my knee the frying pan for him*, or *ran for mustard*: and thereupon I know, that he never took thee abroad with him,

him; for any *archneſs* or *pleaſantneſs* that was to be had in thy company; but only, not certainly knowing how the *Countrey* might be provided for his purpoſe, he uſed to carry ſome *game* along with him, that he might be always ſure of *one* to be *abuſed*. And upon that account it was, that he would permit thee ſometimes to lye at his *beds feet*; that, if he ſhould chance to wake before the *Chamberlain* came up, he might fall preſently upon thee, and loſe no time: and ſometimes he would ſuffer thee to *ride behind him*, upon the ſame *Horſe*; not that he admired thee, as an *ingenious Miſtreſs*, but only that thou mighteſt be in a *conſtant readineſs* to be made *ridiculous*.

And as, by what I have now ſaid, and by thy late *Eſſay* upon the *Declaration*, it is very plain that thou wanteſt the very firſt *materials* and *fundamentals* of being a *Wit*; ſo is it as plain from the whole *Hiſtory* of thy *Poetry*, that thou didſt *always* want them. For ſuppoſe one ſhould be ſo overkind, as to ſuffer thee to pick out the very *maſter-pieces* of thy *phanſie*: ſuch as the *Norfolk and*

Wiſbich Cock-fight: the Bottles of Sack and Claret laid in ſand and covered with a ſheet: the Impriſonment of Mr. Calamy, *and the famous* Iter Boreale *it ſelf:* I can eaſily tell, how theſe poſſibly might pleaſe ſome people, without having the leaſt grain of *wit* in them. As for the *Cock-fighting*; 'tis moſt tediouſly *quibling* about *Peacocks*, *Weather-cocks*, *Woodcocks* and *fighting cocks*; and beſides towards the latter end, moſt abominably *bandy*. As for that *Poem* upon the *buried wine*; *I* ſhall ſay no more but this: 'tis moſt *villanouſly prophane* from top to bottom, with expreſſions alluding to the *Grave* and *Reſurrection*. *I* pray, Dr, do ſo much as look upon thoſe *verſes* at your leiſure, and ſee if your *tender*, *ſpotleſs*, and *mealy-mouth'd Nonconformity* can ſanctify ſuch *baudery* and *prophaneſs*. As for the third, 'tis ſo ridiculous that I know nothing like it but the *ſong* of the *Black-ſmith* that *common Fidlers* uſe to ſing. For there you ſhew that Mr. *Calamy's* being put into *Priſon* by the *Biſhop* of *London* was much more tolerable, than your being *impriſon'd* by *Biſhop Gout*. For *the Biſhop*

of

of London put him only into Newgate, *and that lately: but the lordly and proud Biſhop Gout had put you twenty years ago, not into* Newgate, *or* Ludgate, *or* Alderſgate, *but into* Cripplegate. Oh the unſufferable *pride* and *lordlineſs* of ſome *tyrannical Prelates! Beſides, this Biſhop Gout makes your body his Dioceſs; and there he keeps Courts*, and there he has a *viſitation* for every *Limb*; and urges every *Joint* to *conform*, & thoſe that will not, he *articles* againſt And when the *Gout* is in the *hand*, then my *Lord Gout* has you *in hand*, and when 'tis in your *toes*, he has you by the *toes*. And now, can you and your friends think this *Wit*? don't you fear every day that you riſe, that his *Majeſty* ſhould call in again his *Mandate*, and ſend for that ſame *Doctorſhip* he gave thee, and beſtow it upon ſome honeſt merry *Porter*? And laſtly, as for thy famous *Iter Boreale* it ſelf: I know it was much bought up, and read by many. But don't gull your ſelf, Dr; for it was not becauſe there was any good *humour*, *wit* or *Poetry* in it; but becauſe any thing upon that Subject would have been admired, after ſuch ſad and diſmal times. Nay, ſo it was that the very word *King* was amongſt

mongst us so great a *rarity*, that he that could but get into a *verse*, *God save the King*, or the like, should be as much flock'd about, as if he were the Author of that famous distichupon the louvre.

And I must tell you besides, Dr, that though our *Nation* was wonderfully glad to hear of his *Majesty* being restor'd; yet such as could receive such *wellcome news*, without losing their *senses*, did at that very time, look upon all that *poem* to be very sad, and lamentable. So that the whole of the matter, Dr, is come to this: if you do stubbornly persist in the opinion of your having now, or ever having any *wit* at all; and that you do resolve to continue this vile trade of *rhiming*; then do it *decently* and *becomingly*: and lay aside your *Doctorship*, your *Gown*, your *Profession* and *your looking gravely*, and do you and your *Bodies-maker* set up under St. *Andrews* wall, and there *practise* upon your own *works*.

I should now, Dr, say a word or two to your *friends* of the *Toleration*: but I suppose it would be needless, because by what I have already said to your self, they'l fully comprehend your worth, and perceive howmuch they undervalue and disparage *themselves*, by continuing any further acquaintancewith *you*. And I hope they'l nowsee 'tis high time, not only to banish from their *houses* and *company*, such a *bawdy*, *profane*, *nasty* and *witless scribler*, but not suffer thee ever to say so much again, as *We Nonconformists*. And, if any of them have a longing desire to see the *little gridiron of England*, and the *huge frying pan of Rome* utterly thrown down, I hope also that they'l think it their *concern* and *interest*, not to trust to such a Ballad-maker as thy self, to take the Beast by the Horns.

Farewell. FINIS. 6 MA 50